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Illinois High School Poetry of 1958

Selected by DR. RUTH A. MAXWELL, head of the Department of English, Millikin University, and other members of the Department

We appreciate the excellent judgment and discrimination of Dr. Ruth Maxwell and other members of the Department of English at Millikin University.

As has been true in years past, there was a wealth of fine material submitted for this special poetry issue. The judges from Millikin University have made their selection from material which we trust is representative of what is being done by better students throughout Illinois. Some selections equally as good had to be omitted because of lack of space.

Your students may find a thorough discussion of this *Bulletin* interesting, profitable, and challenging. Additional copies are available at twenty-five cents each from Harris Wilson, 109 English Building, Urbana, Illinois; ten or more copies, twenty cents each.

Wilmer Lamar, co-editor

CONGRESS STREET

A river of asphalt
Flowing between green banks,
A straight white beacon
Shining forth from the City,

It knows no race
No "nigger" or "spic."
It carries the clergy
As well as the thief.
It cares not for equality
But is the most equal.

Look beyond the green banks
To the filth and the rubble
Not replaced or abolished,
Merely pushed out of sight.

Man built this road
Over the homes of the poor.
He pushed back poverty,
Made room for greed,
Pushed prejudice to the side
And took the right-of-way.

When man thinks he can build
Over the Misery of others
When he makes roads
Where homes should stand,
He will suddenly notice

A crack
And then he will know that
To cover despair and hate
Will take constant watch.
Even then they will not be silent.
Springing up again in some tenement.

Finally realization will come:
A thousand man-made roads
Are not worth the unhappiness of one man
In a slum.

So the road will flow on
Fed by tributaries of indifference,
complacency, pride,
As navigable as the Mississippi,
As utilitarian as the Colorado,
As ruthless as any river in flood.

RICHARD LEVY, senior, J. Sterling Morton H.S.
Marjorie Diez, teacher

DAWN ON THE DESERT

The sky is velvet,
A dark and dreamless blue
Unsullied by reality or cloud ;
Not a sound is heard,
Only the silence of the ages,
Which endure man's folly and go on.

The morning star shines in solitude,
Cold and tranquil, aloof and ancient,
Indifferent to the mere speck Earth,
Mindless of the lesser speck man.
The planets and the universe move on—
The ages have no time.

Then the light of approaching day
Encroaches upon the former silence,
Illuminating the faults
Of a planet and its transient inhabitants,
Disrobing a fantasy,
Replacing it with the mark of man.

But the desert and the star and I,
We know :
Man is but a passing fancy of the ages,
His bones to turn to dust and mingle and drift
And blow away with the sands of time
Driven by the winds of the ages
On the plains of eternity,
Never resting.

KAREN SMITH, senior, Jacksonville H.S.
Emma Mae Leonhard, teacher

THERE IS A GOD

At the sun's last rays of light
Shadows softly herald the night ;
The earth is still, and then it seems
That muted colors drift like dreams ;
Lazy breezes stir the grass
And beckon all my troubles to pass ;
Chirp of cricket, song of lark
Cleanse my spirit, lift my heart ;

Dew of evening clears away
 All the dust and heat of day.
 Simple things that leave me awed
 Prove to me there is a God.

JUDY SCHRADER, senior, Jacksonville H.S.
 Emma Mae Leonhard, teacher

ENDLESS TRAFFIC

So familiar is the sight to me, the city dweller,
 Of traffic jams—brakes! loud slams!
 Quite foreign to the country feller.
 Screech!

Danger lurks 'round every corner.
 Take each step with care,
 Speeding vehicles on the move.
 Halt, pedestrian—Beware!
 Crash!

Trailers, trolleys, autos, buses, bumping one another.
 Irrate drivers, frenzied shoppers,
 Weeping child in search of Mother.
 Whiz!

Swerving in and out. Avoiding people, dodging street signs.
 City traffic, such a sight
 Anytime—day or night.
 Beep!

SHARON PALETZ, senior, Senn H.S., Chicago
 Grace A. Lindahl, teacher

LOVE LOST

Young lovers, holding hands in hidden places,
 Whispering words and cooing like the dove,
 Do you really think the world smiles on your faces?
 Do you really think you'll always have your love?

You look at me and think me old and ugly.
 But once I was both beautiful and young.
 My heart was gay, my world like yours was rosy,
 But love songs for me now are never sung.

Young fools! You think me old and bitter.
You think me one that life has passed on by.
Young fools! Your lives will someday lose the glitter.
Feel pity not for me, but you, and cry!

Through the paths of love my heart was led.
Love lived in me, though now my heart is dead.

JOAN McCAMENT, senior, Palatine Township H.S.
Wayne M. Pethick, teacher

PLUMBER'S FRIEND

Did you ever stop to think
What makes the dripping in the sink?
At night it keeps you wide awake,
It picks the "darndest" times to break!
All day long the sink is silent,
The night it chooses to be violent!
Plugging, wrenching, kicking, whining,
Won't stop the drip so just stop trying.
You might as well give up the ship
And listen to the
Drip . . .

Drip . . .
Drip . . .

JOAN McCAMENT, senior, Palatine Township H.S.
Wayne M. Pethick, teacher

BEACH

Gently, gently, sun and sea,
Wind and earth envelop me.
Speed of thrust and spark of white,
A gull hangs frozen, caught in flight.
While the steady, steady rhythm,
The Pacific meters beat.
The sun gleams green amid the waves.
The pounding surf, the waves repeat
The foamy whitened blue-green cast
Of sea unfolding present, past.
Still surf goes pounding, pounding
On the moss-grown land of stone.

From the timbers in the waters
 Seaweed grows as if there sowed.
 The sand lies white and yellow,
 Darker, down where waves have flowed.
 While the beating, beating pulsings—
 Hypnotic, dozing sound—
 As wind blows sand, pulls shut my eyes.
 The quiet sings, and all around,
 So gently, gently, sun and sea,
 The wind and earth envelop me.

BRIAN BOYER, senior, Lyons Township H.S., LaGrange
 Norma Jordan, teacher

A PLEA TO A TROPICAL RAIN

Gentle rain of night above,
 Falling earthward,
 Weep for love.

Swaying palm leaves on the tree,
 Bending earthward,
 Weep for me.

Misty light from pale half-moon
 Mourn for love lost—
 Fled too soon.

JERI ELLIS, senior, Evanston Township H.S.
 Mary L. Taft, teacher

FATE

Fate
 Is not a dictate of the clouds,
 A ship of stone enrooted in the sea,
 The peril of Poseidon's watery wrath.

Fate
 Is the web of self enclosing circumstance
 In swift, inevitable tendrils.
 The statement man's life writes
 On the white sheet of years.

The hybris of Antinoüs, the high,
Immersed him in the dark of Erebus.
The trueness of Eumaeus, low swineherd,
Won him the glorification of the gods.

Fate is the signature, not of the hand but of the soul.

MARIANNE MASTERTON, senior, Evanston Township H.S.
Mary L. Taft, teacher

PASSING LEAF

A bud-shell cracks, unfolds a baby leaf;
Fresh sap from stock the growing leaflet feeds;
Flexed-veined it feels its youthful strength;
Now rich with thoughts of deepest orange;
Soon dead to wither with the world.

BUSTER KAMIN, senior, Evanston Township H.S.
Mary L. Taft, teacher

THE CHANGING TIMES

I saw a friend of mine today:
Her hair was blond;
It was light and buoyant like spun gold,
But last week I could have sworn
It was red.
And the week before that
It was black!
Ah well, I have one consolation,
The only color left is brown.

MARTHA SHERER, senior, Kansas H.S.
Tressa Bennett, teacher

BULLDOGGING

"Watch chute number three," the announcer cries;
These few words turn everyone's eyes.
The chute gate comes open, and out the bull flies;
The rider is hoping to stay out of the skies.

The bull bucks and bellows, turns every which way,
But there is one rider who's determined to stay.
The jolts that he takes crack his neck like a whip,
But he stays upright with grim face and tight lip.

The seconds pass slowly, and this bull is rough,
 But the sound of the whistle comes through soon enough.
 And the rider has shown that he can call this bull's bluff;
 So he comes back grinning because these cowboys are tough.

DUANE McDAVITT, senior, Kansas H. S.
 Tressa Bennett, teacher

FRIENDSHIP

A friend, my neighbor said to me,
 A friend is what I mean to be;
 In times of adversity, I shall come to you,
 And in necessity you will find me true.

I viewed his thoughts and took his hand.
 My friend, I said, you do not understand.
 The inner meaning of that simple rhyme
 Is that a friend is what the heart needs all the time.

RONALD SESTER, senior, Genoa-Kingston H.S.
 Gladys Wibking, teacher

THAT ROGUE BY THE WALL

It was tall and heavy, wormy and brown,
 It stood in the hall with feet tied down—
 The gold of its numerals, the black of its dial,
 The carving in hardwood which was Gothic in style.
 It told the house when to run and to rest,
 It broke up thoughts—perhaps the day's best.
 The springs and the cogs, the workings encased:
 In minute detail the plans had been based.
 This team—this team of small metal men,
 Moved morning to darkness again and again.

It stood as a statue, a veteran of time;
 It directed the traffic with its punctual chime.
 The pendulum moved through time and through space,
 Pausing—no never from its lively embrace;
 A minute—and hour—a day to its toll,
 A decade had been but a part of its soul.
 That judge, that jury, that referee of life,
 That ender of joy, that causer of strife,
 That knight in armor, that rogue by the wall,
 That syncopated devil—that clock in the hall.

GERRY WILLEY, senior, Elgin H.S.
 Kenneth C. Ettner, teacher

BLACK JUSTICE

You Niggers ain't nothin'!
You niggers ain't somethin' that we can look at and say,
"There's a Nigger. He's the top."

You Niggers! Go home!
Go tend your cane. That's where *you* belong.

You Niggers! Go and eat your chitterlings and mall,
'Cause that's real black food. That's real slave food.

You Niggers! Take your looks and give 'em to the devil!
You ain't much.

You Niggers! Don't come to my house. Go to the zoo.
You'll be at home.

You Niggers! Go and fight, and snap up our looks, and serve us,
'Cause that's all you *can* do.

You Niggers! Go and die like the oddity you are, and don't
Stop to recant your wrongs here, 'cause there's a place for that.

You PEOPLE! Go and find HIM to be genuine and good, and
Not asking, "What are you doing here, Nigger?"

GOD HELP THEM!
GOD HELP THEM!

SKIP WILLIAMS, senior, Barrington H.S.
Joan Werhan, teacher

THE RAINBOW OF EMOTION

Dreams are a girl in white chiffon
Wandering through the mist of a dawn.
Gaiety is yellow daffodils
Brilliantly nodding as sunlight spills
Warm and gentle over billowy hills.
Courage is blue, like steel silvers
Or cascading, swiftly progressing rivers;
Forceful as arrows removed from their quivers.
Hate is a shimmering, biting fire,
Red, blazing, consuming ire
Released to create its funeral pyre.

Sorrow is a ship of gray and black
 Drifting seaward with sails slack,
 Whispering, pleading, yearning back.
 Emotion is color, warm and cold;
 Emotion is form, graceful and bold;
 Emotion is life in a shadowy fold.

JOANNA ROBERTSON, senior, Ottawa Township H.S.
 S. Isabella Sanders, teacher

THE EAGLE

Swiftly,
 Imposing,
 Above hill and plain,
 In stately manner,
 With majestic movements,
 As a messenger of Jove,
 He flies.

SANDRA PERTLE, freshman, J. Sterling Morton H.S., Cicero
 Marjorie Diez, teacher

TEENAGE QUESTION

What lies ahead? What does the future
 hold for us, the scorned generation?

Are we all wild, disobedient, and useless?
 Do we all lie, cheat, and threaten as they say?
 Is there not one among us who is righteous,
 obedient, trustworthy, and capable?

Each generation before the other has asked
 this question.

"Are we really what they say we are?"

The older generation say—

"We did not . . ." "We weren't that . . ."
 "We wouldn't have dreamed of . . ."

But, I ask you then. If each generation
 is the righteous one. Where lies
 the fault? Which generation is
 the truly scorned?

MARSHA COWLEY, senior, Moline H.S.
 Clara Carlson, teacher

NEW ORLEANS IN DECEMBER

The gray sky lowers to heavy fog
Over the great river,
And the ferry groans across,
Regurgitates its passengers
Invisible in the fog.
The banana boats cry
And fumble into the dock,
And the fog covers all
With a sigh.
A tingling mist
Lies over the French Quarter,
The dampness clings,
Luke-warm, to iron fancy grill work.
Pigeons explode into the air
Landing en masse to feed
Again, around the great
Statue in a chartreuse park.

JEAN WRIGHT, junior, West Rockford H.S.
Maud E. Weinschenk, teacher

LIMERICK

There was a young woman from Lundy
Who walked through the jungle one Sunday;
She heard not the growl
Of the cat on the prowl;
They buried her clothes the next Monday.

DIANE WELSBY, junior, East Rockford H.S.
Vernita Crawford, teacher

ABSTRACTION

Go west young man.
But how far?
Until I am east,
or till I am neither east
nor west
of here
regardless of my facing?

And the twain shall meet
at a point
no direction
from here.
Here?
Here moves with me.
Here may be there
tomorrow
or yesterday
or now to you.

RICHARD BULLIET, junior, West Rockford H.S.
Maud E. Weinschenk, teacher

BLACK GOLD

Hidden for millenniums by the enshrouding earth
In the depths. An enfolding blanket of rock
Held it firmly in place, a treasure trove
For those who dared the bafflements of its defenses
To search for this in Nature's fortress.
But come they did, and search they did.
And they found it, a gift from the sea
Long since engulfed by the thirsty ground and skies,
Changed and pressurized by the enclosing strata
Until the minute creatures of the past
Became the power of today.

One day—an empty wasteland, the next—a city
Of skeleton skyscrapers, raising their mute heads to God
For help in the impending battle.
For battle it was. Man and his machines against
Nature in her rocky stronghold.
Cables rose and fell like sinews in the skeleton.
Puny man had dared initiate the campaign to snatch
From mighty Nature her subterranean wealth.
Down came the bit, gouging out the earthworks.
Days passed, bits wore out.
But the men did not,
And Nature did not,
Still stubbornly resisting, yielding but feet
Before the pulverizing blows of man's titanic efforts.

Almost half a mile down, yet still
No inkling of their goal.
Omnipotent Nature had done well in guarding her own.
Craftily she had lured the men on
With embarrassingly easily drilled rock,
And then had resisted valiantly with her barricades
Of compact, impenetrable rock. Somehow the men
Broke through. They drilled deeper, down below
Ocean depths. Suddenly, they were through.
That massive antagonist Nature was
Subdued,
Beaten,
Broken into granules.
Theirs was the treasure that Nature had heretofore
Claimed. Theirs was the black gold,
Oil.
Oil that had lain for eons waiting,
Waiting for someone crafty enough, foolish enough,
And strong enough to wrest the liquid from the rock,
Waiting for man!

EVERETT CHARD, junior, Grayslake H.S.
Margaret Calhoun, teacher

LIFE

Time is the sea ;
Man, a tree ;
And life is a lonely island.

The tree stands straight ;
The sea rises in hate,
Etching away the island.

The tree grows old ;
The waters bold,
Grasping at the island.

The tree clings fast,
But the sea at last
Tears it from the island.

The tree is gone ;
The sea surges on
To life on another island.

CAROLYN SEYBOLD, junior, Lyons Township H.S., LaGrange
Josephine Allen, teacher

EASTER

Cripples on a palm-branch crutch,
 We masquerade in gleaming gown,
 But the mortally woven dress
 Can scarcely hide unworthiness.
 And we fashion for our brows
 A wreath of slightly thorny boughs;
 Then in all solemnity
 We cry, "How pure and fair are we!
 Observe how nobly we despair
 O'er the drama played up there,
 O'er the drama on the cross."
 Suckled on this pageantry,
 We fester in iniquity
 And vainly seek to veil it all
 Beneath a shining Easter pall,
 We cripples on a palm-branch crutch.

LEE FORREST, junior, Lyons Township H.S.
 Kay Keefe, teacher

FREEDOM

Freedom is a candle
 That shines in the midst
 Of a dark sea.
 The sea is slavery,
 Bondage under dictators,
 Harsh rulers, tyrant kings.

And the sea is deep and vast;
 It is not easily overcome.

America lit her candle
 With the glow of Democracy.
 Alone, the darkness
 Would blot it out;
 But it is not alone.
 From far and near, each with
 A light of its own
 Are others:
 Those who wish and strive
 To rid the world of the dark sea.

But the sea is deep and vast ;
It is not easily overcome.

There is a love of light within
The soul of every man.
Each holds his feeble light unto the skies.
The lights must not flicker.
United, they are a burning torch,
And Freedom is its flame.

The sea may be deep and vast,
But the radiance of liberty is strong.
The darkness shall be overcome!

KAREN BRICKEY, junior, Stephen Decatur H.S.
Wilmer Lamar, teacher

DEATH

Death comes as if
We people were apples
On a tree and
The hand of God that of
The fruit picker,
Singling a certain apple out now,
But eventually plucking each one from
The tree of Life.

MARILYN CARRIATORE, junior, West Rockford H.S.
Maud E. Weinschenk, teacher

MY FAIR LADY

In childhood I learned of you, Perfection,
I was to seek you with heart and with soul.
Parents and teachers told of your beauty,
And I believed them and began my quest.

In my youth I thought I had found you,
But soon I learned you were far, far away.
Your beauty, O Lady, was seen by a few,
And I determined you would be my goal.

In my old age I searched with more care.
It seemed that seeking I still found you not
Though I beheld you, oh, so very fair,
I still must seek you with heart and with soul.

Yet many years hence and ages from now,
People will seek you in all walks of life.
Through you they love and before God do bow,
O Perfection, thou art great to behold.

KATHLEEN CENTALA, junior, Holy Ghost Academy, Techny
Sister Meline, S. SP. S., teacher

I WAS ONLY LITTLE THEN

People used to call me bad.
And say I'd end up deep in sin.
It didn't use to bother me,
But I was only little then.

I used to act just like a boy
And embarrass all my kin;
I'd somersault to show my joy,
But I was only little then.

I'd always wanted a dimple
To grace my ugly chin;
I found that mud packs didn't work,
But I was only little then.

I used to like big lollypops
Away back when;
I thought that they were really tops,
But I was only little then.

Now my child is playing
With soldiers made of tin;
I used to like to play that, too,
But I was only little then.

I know sometimes you want to play
As you did when you were ten,
And then you know as I do
That you were only little then.

SHEILA HAYNES, freshman, Canton Junior H.S.
Gertrude Jones, teacher

RELATIVITY

A boy running—
A girl running—
Racing from now
To tomorrow—
Leaving yesterday
Far behind
With tomorrow so far ahead
Yet so close
To a boy
And a girl
Running.

MERRY HALLORAN, sophomore, Niles Township H.S., Skokie
Richard K. Gregg, teacher

THAT LITTLE GUY

I look over my shoulder and what do I see;
A little fellow following me.
He doesn't seem to be so tall
And isn't very old at all; but

A careful man I ought to be
For this little guy still follows me.
I do not dare to go astray
For fear he'll go the self-same way.

I must not madly step aside
Where the easy paths are smooth to stride,
And join in wine's red revelry—
For this little guy still follows me.

I can not once escape his eyes;
Whatever he sees me do, he tries—
He says he wants to be like me
And what a foolish way to be; for

He thinks I am so good and fine;
Believes in every word of mine;
But the real me he must not see,
This little guy that follows me.

He tries to remember the way I go,
 Through summer's sun and winter's snow
 For I am paving the way, you see,
 For this little guy that follows me.

GORDON CURTIS, sophomore, Moline H.S.

Marie Waller, teacher

FRUSTRATION

Phone rings
 Girl sings
 Hears voice
 Makes choice.
 Decides to go
 Sees the show
 Sad night
 Big fight.
 Comes home
 All alone.

NANCY SOHNER, senior, Moline H.S.

Bess Barnett, teacher

COLORS

Chartreuse and Fuchsia fret all the time.
 Red surges in ecstasy!
 Blue is shimmering loveliness.
 Never intrusive, White gives all the colors their significance.
 Cool, placid Green is easily contented.
 Quiet Grey sits off in a corner and causes no trouble.
 Yellow, the optimistic youth, is always gay and carefree!
 Ever serious, Brown silently surveys the others.
 "I'll show you all!" shouts Orange as he darts for the top.
 With dignity, glimmering Black folds

all
 colors
 into
 one.

BONNIE SEESLAND, sophomore, Moline H.S.

D. W. Roush, teacher

THE PORPOISE SPLASHES

Draws near the porpoise, friend of man,
With strokes of deftness—gentle splash;
The tide is running strong and fast.
Draws near the porpoise, friend of man,
He leaps and plays and 'neath the mast
Streaks out and flashes sunny flank.
Draws near the porpoise, friend of man,
With strokes of deftness—gentle splash.

ROD STIEFBOLD, senior, Naperville Community H.S.
Leona McBride, teacher

OMNIPRESENCE

Point out life,
Show its intensity.
The daffodil bursting anew,
The baby—
The old man—thinking, remembering.
Never ending progress, rising buildings,
Old making way for new.
Man's love,
Woman's sacrifice.
Believe in life,
Love its intensity.

MARY FLOCK, senior, Naperville Community H.S.
Leona McBride, teacher

SPRING IS A SONATA

To me spring is a song,
A hymn of praise,
A sonata.
Spring's conductor is the sun
Directing each new movement.
The drums start with rumbling
As the thunders of spring showers.
The beat continues in the raindrops
Falling downward.
The trickling brooks
Soon learn the melody,
Resounding it like harps.
The sun's rays—the conductor's baton—
Soon point to the chorus.

Wildflowers answer with song.
 Birds just returned from a winter holiday
 Accompany with flutelike voices,
 While breezes stirring
 In the newly-grown leaves
 Finish with a violin's cadenza.
 Yes, to me, spring is a song,
 A hymn of praise,
 A sonata.

DONNA OLLMAN, senior, Genoa-Kingston Community H.S.
 Gladys Wibking, teacher

SURPRISE!

I approached the house
 And opened the door,
 Softly.
 It was cool and dark
 Inside.
 Even a little forbidding;
 No one was there.
 But suddenly—
 A patter of little feet,
 And a small brown body,
 Warm and soft,
 Squirmed within
 The circle of my arms.
 Bright, brown eyes
 Looked at me
 Lovingly.
 This house was my home
 Once again,
 For something I loved
 Was there.

JUDY TALBOT, junior, Galva H.S.
 Mildred Lapan, teacher

CATS 'N' KITTENS

One day last spring, a funny thing —
 Our mama Maltese cat
 Found seven little kittens
 In my grandad's old straw hat!

And then when it was spring
Right behind the cellar door,
She gave us all a big surprise
And found us seven more!
And then the plumber came one day
The kitchen pipes to fix.
Here was the cat behind the sink,
And there she'd found us six!
And so if mama cats find kittens
Everywhere like that,
What are we going to do when
Every kitten is a cat!

MARY SCHNEIDER, junior, Galva H.S.
Mildred Lapan, teacher

WHERE JAZZ IS KING

Away down South there's a place I know,
Folks tell me it's where the hep-cats go;
Now I hear say they really have a fling,
That's down on Basin Street where jazz is king.

People come from far; people come from near;
People come from everywhere, just so they can hear.
People rock and roll; people swing and sway.
It's that Dixieland beat makes 'em act that way.

Now come on down and hear that happy song,
Well, come on down and see the shufflin' throng.
So don't be a square, get in the swing;
Take a trip to Basin Street where jazz is king.

WARREN PETERSON, junior, Galva High School
Mildred Lapan, teacher

ODE TO A FRECKLE

Nature, it seems, loves best
Speckles, and stripes, and spots,
Markings, and queer designs,
Odd shapes, and cute whatnots.
Think of the tiger bold,
All striped in yellow and black;
Even the ladybug
Has dots upon her back.

The fishes of the sea
Are marked with scaly spots,
And the clear midnight sky
Is filled with glittering dots.
Nature, for sure, loves best
Spots, and stripes, and speckles.
And that's the reason why
I never mind my freckles!

BONNIE RAE KERRIGAN, senior, Libertyville-Fremont H.S.
Anna J. Johnson, teacher

DELUSION

The fog,
A stubborn maze,
Covers the town,
Darkens the day,
Entangles traffic,
Bewilders travelers,
Mystifies dark night.

THOMAS BARGER, senior, University H.S., Normal
Ruth Stroud, teacher

THE BREEZE IS A MAIDEN

Sometimes lively,
Frolicsome, sprightly;
Next she is whirling,
Giddy, flighty.
Often sultry,
Languid, and faint;
Always pure,
Unblemished, free from taint.

SHEILA COOMER, senior, University H.S., Normal
Ruth Stroud, teacher

WEeping WILLOW

The slender drooping branches
Bend gracefully as they mourn.
They shed their tears in sadness
From the troubles they have borne.

ELAINE BENNETT, freshman, Eisenhower H.S., Decatur
Helen Hunsinger, teacher

FALSE SPRING

False spring
Is a fickle thing.
The covering
Of slushy snow dissolves
To nothingness.
Winter's steel-like rays become
Warming gold
Lifting the shadows from every
Cloistered corner.
The scattered particles of dust
Are revealed
In a shining beam of
Filmy amber
After being long hidden
By darkness.

False spring
Is a fickle thing.
The covering
Of slushy snow returns in
The wake
Of a howling blizzard.
The sun's
Friendly gold rays become bleak
And chill
Leaving corners shrouded
In grayness.
The shining beams of
Filmy amber
Evaporate and fade away,
True spring
To be their unveiler.

DIANA SWIFT, sophomore, Lyons Township H.S., LaGrange
Norma Jordan, teacher

WAR

Flying in darkness
The two blind birds collided.
Oh, show them the light!

AGNES PERKINS, sophomore, Naperville Community H.S.
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

LIMERICK

There was a young fellow named Paul,
 Who went to a fancy dress ball;
 He thought he would risk it
 And go as a biscuit
 But a dog ate him up in the hall.

rita GRATTLO, sophomore, East Rockford H.S.
 Vernita Crawford, teacher

DAY'S END

The last dove's call is muffled by the black pillow of dusk's end;
 The bony oak's skyward-straining fingers are gloved in darkness.
 One by one the moon lights her cold candles above man's petty
 world
 And night tiptoes in on padded feet.

JOHN HAUSNER, sophomore, Evanston Township H.S.
 Mary J. Richeimer, teacher

BROADWAY'S PIERROT

The jester dances in
 On flying feet at the
 First touch of darkness.
 He strews bright comets
 Of flashing neon,
 And wisps of happy laughter.

At the coming light of dawn
 He gathers up his tiny circus
 And slyly vanishes
 With the stars.

BARBARA J. LOVELACE, sophomore, Evanston Township H.S.
 Mary J. Richeimer, teacher

THE TYRANT

Time,
 Powerful,
 Cruel,
 Domineering,
 Time.

Time says
"Go down,"
And the sun
Goes down.
Time says
To the moon
"Rise,"
And the moon
Rises.
Time says
To the tides
"Turn,"
And the tides
Turn.
To man,
Says time,
"Come,"
And man comes,
"Sleep,"
And man sleeps,
"Eat,"
And man eats,
"Die,"
And man dies.
Time rules all.
A most ruthless
Tyrant
Is time.

NANCY LINN GIBBS, sophomore, York Community H.S.
Eleanor Davis, teacher

THE AFRICAN GIRAFFE

There once was an African giraffe,
Who was cut completely in half.
With his split personality,
He couldn't face reality.
And was very unhappy there aft.

ALAN FRANKLIN, seventh grade, J. W. Eater Junior High, Rantoul
Mary Clifford, teacher

RAINING

I love to hear it rain,
The loud noise
With the thunder.
Then the quiet,
When all you can see
Is the rain . . . gently falling.
I love the clean, fresh smell
Like a summer day.

The whole world seems new and fresh
After the rain has gone its way.

ELOISE WOOLLEY, seventh grade, J. W. Eater Junior High, Rantoul
Mary Clifford, teacher

MY GREEN CUP

As I look at my green cup, curved,
I think of the celebrities it has served,
And one thing I remember yet,
Was serving tea to the teddy bear set.
As I grew older, or at least began,
I recall serving coffee to Raggedy Ann.
The most honored memory in my thought parade,
Was serving doll queen as a royal maid.
But now this cup just memories holds,
And its faded walls my childhood enfolds.

NANCY WALKER, freshman, Taft H.S., Chicago
Sander Postol, teacher

THE CYCLE

Spring is like a baby,
When all is fresh and new.
And the earth reflects God's glory
In the flowers touched with dew.

Summer's like a youth in love—
The days are bright and gay.
Each hour is filled with happiness
And sadness is far away.

Fall is like a widow,
When all best things are past.
Memories, alone, remain
Of things too good to last.

Winter is an old, old man,
Far from the dawn of life.
No more springs or summers, now,
But next a brand new life!

ANN MEAD, freshman, Franklin Junior H.S., Aurora
Janice Lee Trembacki, teacher

A FOUR YEAR OLD BOY

Guns, trucks, cars and trains,
Fire engines, police cars, buses and planes,
Are all a part of a little boy's chest,
He will gladly show you upon request.

Cowboys, sheriffs, good men and bad,
He likes to play this with his dad,
Shots ring out and the bad men fall,
Now he's the bravest one of all.

Spinach, corn, carrots and peas,
How can anyone care for these?
The only things he likes to eat,
Are pretzels, potatoes, gravy and meat.

At night when it is time for bed,
He does not go, but pouts instead,
A toothbrush and toothpaste he thinks are fun,
Especially after the brushing is done.

With folded hands and eyes shut tight,
He says his prayers and then good-night,
God bless Mom and Dad and sisters too,
And help us in everything we do. Amen.

MARLYS JOHNSON, freshman, Taft H.S., Chicago
Sander Postol, teacher

ERATO IN UNION STATION

Under the vaulted ceilings and Erato's poetic eye
Teems a city unto itself.
Hollow and empty in the watchful night,
It wearily echoes the rushing
Day.
When at last
The haggard night goes home to bed,
Drab metal horns
Shatter
The drowsy interim of silence by
Shrieking the arrival of the suburban express.
A dumpy woman, her face eroded and tired,
Looks out at the milling throng from behind her
Row upon row of gaudy magazines.
Before her unreflecting eyes parade
The grey-flannel hurrying for his morning bus;
The omnipresent model and her hat box;
The young suburban matron waving after a taxi;
The sailor on leave just looking.
And an urgent life rushes through
Them all.
Here in the station this life surges and
Swirls and shouts aloud for sheer joy in
Simply being alive.
The indulgent muse smiles as a
Mother to an exuberant child.
The raucous song continues.
Rising in a frenzied cadence,
The restless tide rushes past.
Like a rampant river, it gouges hills and gulleys
Wherever it may be.
With muse-like calm, Erato channels this
Vital force into still pools of poetry.
She scribbles life on foolscap pages, and
Holds it up for
The world
To read.

LINDA SWANSON, Junior, Lyons Township H.S., La Grange
Eileen Powers, teacher

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

I walked
through the woods,
and all the stillness of Nature
came
to greet me.

I walked
through the city,
and all the tension of Industry
came
to greet me.

I walked
through the night,
and all the splendor of Stars
came
to greet me.

I walked
through the desert,
and all the heat of Sand and Sun
came
to greet me.

I walked
through life's storm,
and from out the shadows You
came
to greet me.

MARILYN MOOK, senior, Aquin H.S., Freeport
Sister Alphonsus Liguori, O. P., teacher

NOVEMBER

We rake in separate patterns; mine pulls north
While yours moves horizontally.
We comb the dead wrappings of bright summer days
Out of the stubborn grasshair.
Amid the smoke of cities we are harvesters;
Your lawn is poor
And my dead garden broke under the rains.

This is our crop. We bring it in
 With fingers glad to feel the pull,
 The ebb and flow of muscle.
 Our hearts sing at its plenty, when it's piled,
 The bare fields empty, we shall raise our hands
 In thankfulness: Domine, gratias agimus tibi.

MARY ANN RADNER,, Sophomore, Evanston Township H.S.
 Mary Jane Richeimer, teacher

HONORABLE MENTION

The following poems would have been printed if space had permitted:

Aurora: "The Robin," by Helen Higby (Janice Lee Trembacki);
 "A Promise Fulfilled," by Karen Root (Louise Lane).

Barrington: "Reprisal," by Bill Bohmbach; "Beauty," by Paul Miller (Joan Werhan).

Bloomington: "Halloween," by Carol Ogdon (Lorraine Kraft).

Chicago: "When Darkness Falls," by Linda Blomstrand; "Suburban Autumn," by Toni Lynn Sathe; "A Journey," by Eleanore Wagner (Grace A. Lindahl); "A Summer Day," by Helen Geyler (Sander Postol).

Cicero: "The Stallion," by Michael Ray; "March 31," by John Hancock; "Never Today," by Robert Svoboda; "The First Rain of Spring," by Paul Bloch (Marjorie Diez).

Decatur: "The Railroad Track," by Jim Lester; "A Drop of Water," by Fallie DeVore (Agnes C. Armstrong); "Snowflakes," by Paulette Pritts (Helen Hunsinger); "Snow Storm," by Phyllis Ritchard (Helen Stapp).

Elgin: "A Sea Picture," by Marta Gonzalez (Kenneth C. Ettner).

Elmhurst: "Meditation," by John Margolf (Miss Polson); "Saga of the Suburbs," by Judi Wines; "Same Old Pattern," by Lois Moffit (Eleanor A. Davis).

Evanston: "They Say," by Sallyann Rubin (Geraldine La Rocque); "Sought," by William Brauer; "Vines," by Barbara J. Lovelace; "Aquarius," "Old Man Asleep," by Mary Ann Radner (Mary Jane Richeimer); "The Lion," by Robin Alt; "Nausicaa," by Blythe Bohnen; "Thoughts on Youth

and Age," by Kate Emery; "Ivy Cascade," by Mary McEwen; "Of Poetry and Truth," by Claris Nelson (Mary L. Taft).

Galva: "Each Morning," by Ann Corkill; "My Prayer," by Joyce Peterson; "Strange It Is," by Barbara Johnson (Mildred Lapan).

Genoa: "Creation," by Judy Hackman (Gladys Wibking).

Granite City: "Yesterday's Dreams—Today's Realities," by Donna Stites (Goni Michaeloff).

Grayslake: "The Stream," by Carl Sikes (Margaret Calhoun).

Harvey: "Whistling Wind," by Adeline Gill (Mrs. Phyllis Narveson).

Jacksonville: "Disaster of a Mole," by Patricia Campbell; "Socrates," by Luci Dodd; "Be Unashamed," by Milton R. Schroeder, Jr.; "Day and Night," "Twilight," by Doris Butler (Emma Mae Leonhard); "A Christmas Tree," by Ronald S. Garfield (Ruby Mann).

Joliet: "Fashion Parade," by Doris Debri; "I Saw the Sky Today," by Sue Skoff; "Ferdy's Place," by Mary Beth Sorenson; "Ballad to the May Bush," by Mary Lou Fletcher (Mrs. Evelyn Neu).

LaGrange: "Frustration," by Ann Miller; "Transience," by Joan Schmidt; "Etchings," by Steve Teeter (Norma Jordan); "Thanksgiving," "New Year," "Eyes of Faith," by Lee Forrest (Kay Keefe); "The Golfers' Prologue," by Lee Henson (Eileen Powers).

Lexington: "And on the Seventh Day," by Jolene Garner (Gerald E. Smith).

Libertyville: "The Time of Silence," by Michael C. Tanascu.

Macomb: "A Modern Prologue," by Luan Kirkpatrick (Vera Gene Morris).

Moline: "December Days," by Barry Baehm (Ruth Vertrees); "Contemplation," by Charles Hoffman (Clara Carlson); "First Love," by Sandy Hogg (Robert Knees).

Naperville: "Morning's Flower," by Carole Kopack (Dorothy Scroggie).

Normal: "Pride Is an Airplane," by Donald S. Laszlo; "November Dusk," by Barbara Sealock (Miss Ruth Stroud).

Northbrook: "June Snow," by Susan Raymond (Miss Hoopes).

Rantoul: "The Cat," by Jim Cuomo (Mary Clifford).

Rockford: "Symbols," by Marilyn Cacciatore; "The Musical Mind," by Richard Bulliet (Maud E. Weinschenk); "Winter," by Kathy Gallo; "Winter Roads," by Tom Johnson; "Christmas Night," by Janet Powers (Adele Johnson).

Streator: "By the Sea," by Patti Fort (Lucille M. Tkach).

Tremont: "So You've Got It Too," by Beth Schurter (Lois Blazer).

Waukegan: "Ode to a Lie," by Alice Banis (Marjorie A. Cary).